C131. f. 6.

THE

TRIAL:

A

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM
31 OCT 56

THE TRIAL OF ROGER,

For an ACCIDENT that happened at

A GAME of ROMPS WITH ESTHER.

LONDON:
Printed for G. LYON, in *Ludgate-street*.
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BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE PREFACE.

THE following original, and diverting Poem, was brought from America. *Who was the Author is unknown; but its Merit in its Way is too conſpicuous to need a Mention. The Repetitions in the Evidence (which would otherwiſe become tedious) are ſupported with an uncommon Spirit, according to the different Characters.*

IF it ſhould be objected, that it is too looſe, it muſt be anſwered, 'tis as little ſo as can be, conſidering the Subject, the Evidences upon theſe Occaſions being always enjoined to ſpeak as plain as poſſible.

THE

PREFACE.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF A

TRIAL for a RAPE, &c.

THE Judges ſat, and Jury call'd,
An Oyes three times loudly bawl'd,
Which might be heard from very far,
The Priſoner ſtanding at the Bar;
The Indictment read, and open'd firſt,
I thought the Girls would all have burſt
With laughing, while the Plaintif's Cauſe,
By Council learned in the Laws,
Was argu'd with inveterate Speeches
'Gainſt what Men carry in their Breeches.
Among the reſt one very old
Who many a Client's Caſe had ſold,
With Eloquence did rave and ſcold.
My Lord, ſays he, the Caſe I'll ſtate
Nor do I mean to aggravate,
The Fault committed is too great;

'Tis common; but, to Men of Senſe,
That will not leſſen the Offence.
Moſt Women have too great a Bent
To yield their Favours by Conſent;
But here, my Lord, it is encroach'd,
Here is by Force a Virgin broach'd;
Her Legs forc'd open by the Brute,
And ſhe not aſk'd to let him do't:
Moſt rudely on a Hay-mow thrown,
And there her greateſt Secrets known;
This we ſhall prove beyond Diſpute,
By Witneſſes of good Repute.
Your Lordſhip knows, and very truly,
Our Members often are unruly;
When I had one, 'twas always ſo,
But Prudence kept it lank and low;
For, if not under Government,
'Twill Miſchief do,—it will have Vent.
Wiſdom ſhould bridle it, and tame
Our fierce Deſires, and quench the Flame;
This Member, when a Looſe it takes,
What Hurly Burly then it makes!
This daily ſad Examples teach,
And every Parſon thus will preach;
Exhort us when we do ſuch Tricks,
To let our Reaſon guide our P——.
Th' Offender then has no Excuſe
For this ſo ſcandalous Abuſe;
The Pulpit gave him good Advice,
Examples taught him to be wiſe.
To waſte will be as great a Crime
The Jury's and your Lordſhip's Time;

I doubt not when you hear the Fact,
You'll find him guilty of the Act;
So now our Witneſſes we'll call,
T' atteſt and ſwear the Truth of all.
Here *Sarah*, *Dorothy*, and *Ruth*,
Stand up, and tell my Lord the Truth.
Silence——don't let the People chatter;
Come, tell his Lordſhip all the Matter.

JUDGE.

The Priſoner's here upon his Life;
So whether Widow, Maid, or Wife,
Speak loud; don't be in Fear, or Pain,
But let your Words be very plain.

SARAH.

One Evening ſent for by a Neighbour,
As I was going to her Labour,
And paſſing by a Farmer's Yard,
Methought a little Scream I heard;
This put me quickly in a Fright,
For there was very little Light,
It being neither Day, nor Night.
The Houſe was loneſome, for it ſtood
Far from the Town, and near a Wood.
Quite frighted with the Noiſe, a while
I ſat me down upon a Stile:
Thinks I, what can this Screaming be?
But, peeping, I could plainly ſee
Quite through the Branches of a Tree.

JUDGE.

But, Miſtreſs, you muſt tell, and ſay,
What Year it was, what Month, what Day.

SARAH.

Now, ſure, I have almoſt forgot,
No,—now I think on't, I have not;
By certain Tokens I can tell,
I can remember it full well,
The very Year, and Month, and Day,
The five and twentieth Day of *May*,
In ſeventeen hundred, thirty two,
Indeed, my Lord, I tell you true.

PRISONER.

Sally, what Tokens were thoſe pray,
By which you know ſo well the Day?

JUDGE.

This ſhe may anſwer, or refuſe,
Herſelf ſhe need not here accuſe:
So, Miſtreſs *Sarah*, pray go on,
And finiſh what you have begun.

SARAH.

As I was ſaying—let me ſee—
Oh! I was peeping through the Tree—
So on a Hay-mow I eſpies,
Indeed, my Lord, I tell no Lies,
Two Legs a ſprawling in the Air,
With naked Thighs, I ſaw them bare;
I ſquall'd aloud, and ran away,
And this is all I have to ſay.

JUDGE.

What would you aſk before ſhe's gone?

PRISONER.

My Lord, for Queſtions, I have none.

COUN-

COUNCIL.

This Witneſs can ſay ſomething more,
My Lord, than what we knew before.
Now, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, the Law
Will have you tell us what you ſaw;
Riſe up, and what you know declare
Of this the Priſoner at the Bar;
But ſtill confine what you would ſay
Within the twenty fifth of *May*.

DOROTHY.

My Lord, I'm Servant in the Houſe,
I clean the Dairy, milk the Cows;
My Work quite done, that Evening late
I ſat with *Harry* at the Gate;
So ſitting there I heard a Noiſe,
And found it was a Woman's Voice;
But, looking up, I ſaw him ſtand,
And holding ſomething in his Hand.

JUDGE.

Something, what Thing? Don't be aſham'd,
Our Laws require it to be nam'd.

DOROTHY.

My Lord, I've often ſeen my Mother,
When jeſting with my little Brother,
Lay hold of it, and in a Joke,
Tell him that ſhe'd cut off his Cock;
But *Thomas* calls it *Don Diego*,
And *Harry* ſays it is a *Pego*.

JUDGE.

So—now you're right—I underſtand
You ſay he had it in his Hand.

DOROTHY.

DOROTHY.

He had, indeed, my Lord, I vow,
Methinks I ſee him hold it now;
It put me then in ſuch a Fright,
I ſince have dream'd on't every Night,
I'm ſure as I'm alive 'twas ſo;
And this, my Lord, is all I know.

JUDGE.

Now, Priſoner, it becomes your Taſk,
What Queſtions are there you would aſk?

PRISONER.

My Lord, I've none, 'tis all a Bite;
They proſecute me out of Spite;
I could not give 'em all enough,
And ſo they've rais'd this Heap of Stuff,
Invented this malicious Bubble,
To bring me into Charge and Trouble.

JUDGE.

Then Silence; for you've no Pretence
To ſpeak, till come to your Defence.

COUNCIL.

The next we call to ſpeak the Truth,
As Evidence, is Miſtreſs *Ruth*:
'Tis ſhe that knows the whole Tranſaction,
My Lord, ſhe caught 'em in the Action.

RUTH.

I heard one ſay——

JUDGE.

——This is not fit;
Such Evidence we can't admit,
Nor hearken to in any Sort,
What People tell us by Report;

The Law does ſurer Proof require,
Report is often found a Liar.

RUTH.

To come then to the Thing, my Lord,
You'll find it Truth in every Word,
For I was near 'em at the Time
While he committing was the Crime.
It is not neceſſary here
To tell what I was doing there,
But there I was, and very near.
I ſaw what *Dolly* told before,
And I remark'd yet ſomething more;
For being ſo near, I did begin
To look, and ſaw him put it in;
Which done, my Lord, I heard her ſquall,
I ſtood and heard, and ſaw it all.

JUDGE.

Him put it in!—ſpeak plainer, Huzzy.

RUTH.

My Lord, he clapp'd it in her Tuzzy.

JUDGE.

Say where—by ſuch a Name as this,
The Jury mayn't know what it is.

RUTH.

Indeed, my Lord, I can't for Shame
Pronounce aloud the t'other Name.

JUDGE.

Woman, you muſt, I'm very ſerious,
For nothing here muſt be myſterious.

RUTH.

You ſee I bluſh as red as Fire,
But if the Jury will retire,

I then may do't with greater Eaſe,
And ſhew 'em, if your Lordſhip pleaſe.

FOREMAN of the JURY.

My Lord, this Caſe is very nice,
We'll quick return, and in a Trice;
We can't be tamper'd with, you know us,
Let us retire, and ſhe ſhall ſhew us.

JUDGE.

No, no, not yet—you muſt not budge,
She firſt ſhall ſhew it to the Judge,
And afterwards when that is done,
You all ſhall ſee it one by one.

CRYER.

Make room there, all you tittering Youth,
My Lord retires with Miſtreſs *Ruth*.
His Lordſhip riſes from the Bench,
And out of Court conducts the Wench;
Full Half an Hour or more he ſtays,
Then comes again, ſits down, and ſays,
Now, Gentlemen, I've clear'd my Doubt,
You all may in your Turns go out,
For 'tis but juſt to give you Eaſe,
And ſatisfy your Conſciences,
I've left her for you; don't you waſte
Too much our Time, but pray make haſte,
They only with low Bows reply'd,
Then did ſo, and were ſatisfy'd:
In two Hours Time with grinning Faces
They all return, and take their Places;
Ruth's glowing Cheeks were much admir'd,
Tho' ſeem'd a little faint, and tir'd:

But

His Lordſhip hemm'd, and made a Pauſe,
Then gravely thus reſum'd the Cauſe.

JUDGE.

Now is the Time that we permit
You aſk this Witneſs what is fit.

PRISONER.

My Lord, here is a mighty Buz
With ſomething thruſt in *Eſther*'s Tuz,
You'll pardon me if I miſtake,
But think they ſay it made her ſqueak;
This Tuz, ſhe told you all, for Shame
She could not give its proper Name:
Two Hours in private have been ſpent,
T' explain the fuller what it meant;
I muſt inſiſt,—I've Reaſons for't,
She ſhew it here in open Court.

JUDGE.

This your Requeſt muſt be deny'd,
Since they and I are ſatisfy'd.

PRISONER.

Then ſince, my Lord, it muſt be ſo,
I'll ſay no more on't,—let her go.

COUNCIL.

But now we ſhall produce a Proof,
I think, my Lord, is plain enough;
Behold with Pity and Surprize,
Eſther herſelf with ſtreaming Eyes,
Behold her Bluſhes how they riſe.
Eſther, by that baſe Man deflower'd,
Her Virgin-treaſure quite devour'd:
Her pretty Bubbies how they heave!
Can Innocence like hers deceive?

She's come to make her own Complaints.

JUDGE.

A Glaſs of Water there,—ſhe faints.

COUNCIL.

Seeing that Villain gave her Pain,
But now ſhe's pretty well again.

JUDGE.

Tell her, ſhe muſt not in this Place
Hold up her Hand, and hide her Face.

COUNCIL.

You muſt obey my Lord's Command,
Hold up your Head, put down your Hand.

JUDGE.

Tell all, and do not fear offending,
From the Beginning to the Ending.

ESTHER.

Pardon, my Lord, exceſſive Grief.

JUDGE.

I do, for Crying gives Relief;
But think, that ſince the Thing is done,
It might as well be let alone;
Take your own Time, and then go on.
But pray make all Things mighty clear,
Be very open, and ſincere,
You ſee the Trouble we have had
With Miſtreſs *Ruth*, ſhe made us mad.

ESTHER.

Upon my Word, my Lord, I will,
And your Deſires in all fulfil;
But 'twill be needleſs to repeat,—

JUDGE.

Miſtreſs, you put me in a Sweat;

Lawyers

Lawyers would be in fine Condition,
If they requir'd not Repetition.

ESTHER.

If I miſtake, it is confeſs'd;
I thought the ſhorteſt Way was beſt.

JUDGE.

Yes ſo it is, but not in Law,
In that you're ignorant and raw.
Cook ſays, that if you clear a Doubt,
The ſhorteſt Way is round about.
I knew a Cauſe myſelf depending
Full twenty Years before the Ending;
How many hundred Pounds were ſpent!
What Months and Years of Diſcontent!
Millions of Repetitions us'd
To right the Perſon ſo abus'd;
But then at laſt the Truth was known,
And Juſtice to a Tittle done;
The Plaintif's Damage was paid down,
Which came at leaſt to Half a Crown.
As People ſay, with Haws and Hums,
Juſtice is long before it comes;
But when at laſt we gain our Ends,
The Law, you ſee, makes full Amends:
But now go on, your raſh Expreſſion
Provok'd me to this long Digreſſion.

ESTHER.

Since all I know I muſt declare,
This *Roger*, ſtanding at the Bar,
Did often tell me of his Pain,
And very movingly complain,
But ſtill he found it all in vain;

Until this fatal Evening I,
Not the leaſt thinking he was by,
Mounted a Ladder very quick,
Which he had ſet againſt a Rick,
He follow'd after, ſeiz'd my Gown,
And then he threw the Ladder down,
Nor long his lewd Deſign conceals,
But preſently trips up my Heels;
Says I, you ſhan't; he ſaid, he would;
I ſtruggled hard as e'er I could,
And kept my Legs ſo very cloſe,
I could not any Harm ſuppoſe;
Thought it impoſſible had been
For any Man to get between:
But ſuch Dexterity he try'd,
He forc'd 'em open very wide,
My Lord, I thought I ſhould have dy'd.
For in leſs Time, I'm ſure 'tis true,
Than I've been telling this to you;
I thought he'd pierc'd me through and through.

JUDGE.

Pierc'd you with what? and tell me where;
I ſuch Evaſions cannot bear.

ESTHER.

Then ſince you won't my Bluſhes ſpare,
His P---tle through my Tuft of Hair.

JUDGE.

P---tle's a Word that will not do.

ESTHER.

My Lord, what think you of his Screw?

JUDGE.

That Word muſt be rejected too,

ESTHER.

ESTHER.

Now ſpare my Shame, my Lord, I beg;
Suppoſe I ſay it was his Peg?

JUDGE.

We can admit, by no Pretence,
Of Words which bear a different Senſe.

FOREMAN of the JURY.

My Lord, we think it very fit
To aſk her if he did emit?

JUDGE.

You hear the Queſtion, anſwer it.

ESTHER.

Emit, my Lord, pray what is that?

JUDGE.

Are you ſo weak, you don't know what?

COUNCIL.

You ſee his Lordſhip's in a Pet,
Speak plain, and do not make him fret;
Did you perceive that you was wet?

ESTHER.

The Pain at firſt was ſo acute,
I can ſay very little to't;
But I can better tell what paſs'd
During the ſecond and the laſt;
I think it iſſu'd with a Flirt,
Like luke-warm Water from a Squirt.

JUDGE.

Were they repeated then his Crimes?

ESTHER.

My Lord, he roger'd me three times.
But now, my Lord, I hope I've done.

JUDGE.

JUDGE.

Well, well, ſtand down, you may be gone,
But don't go out of Court I ſay,
Be near at hand where'er you ſtay;
The Council, Jurymen, and I,
Perhaps may want you by and by.

COUNCIL.

Now, if your Lordſhip pleaſe, we'll call
Numbers of Matrons, Midwives all,
Women who found by Dint of Skill,
That ſhe was us'd exceeding ill,
And had been tapp'd againſt her Will.

JUDGE.

One is enough, we ſhall be late;
Old Womens Evidence I hate.

COUNCIL.

Pray, Miſtreſs *Towzelmuz*, declare
All that you know of this Affair.

Mrs. TOWZELMUZ.

My Spectacles upon my Noſe,
And pulling up her under Clothes,
I look'd with great Aſtoniſhment,
And view'd the wide, and bleeding Rent,
I never ſaw one in worſe Plight,
Indeed it was a diſmal Sight;
My Lord, we found the Crevice torn,
The Fringe about it ſomething worn;
And by the trickling Mixture found,
Which iſſu'd from the gaping Wound,
There muſt have been a great Diſcharge
From ſomething cramm'd in very large;

'Tis

'Tis yet ſo wide, that if you liſt,
Your Lordſhip may put in your Fiſt.

JUDGE.

This Woman here has made a Speech,
And prov'd there is ſo wide a Breach,
I think it needleſs on that Score,
T' examine *Eſther* any more;
So ſhe may quit us, and depart,
I give her Leave with all my Heart.

COUNCIL.

At preſent then I judge it beſt,
That here our Evidence we reſt,
I think the Matter we maintain
Is made as evident and plain,
As that you're ſitting in that Place,
Or Noſe upon your Lordſhip's Face.

JUDGE.

Now, Priſoner, your Defence I'll hear,
Come, make your Innocence appear.

PRISONER.

My Lord, you'll no Advantage take,
I hope, nor Wiſdom's Rules forſake;
Nor let my harmleſs Blood be ſpilt,
Nor make my Ignorance my Guilt:
I've ſometimes heard that Judges are
Council for Pris'ners at the Bar;
Tho' frequently they give Advice
Which bears a Sway, or will entice;
That Juries often will not grudge
To hang a Man to pleaſe a Judge.
I doubt not of your Lordſhip's Care
To ſum the Evidence ſo fair,

That

That I ſhall here come off with Honour,
For all I own I've been upon her.
But that I may be very ſhort,
And clear a Thing of this Import,
Eſther, my Lord, ſhe loves the Sport;
And in Revenge did this contrive,
Only becauſe I did not ſtrive
To do't inſtead of three times five.
My Lord, I've Witneſſes galore,
I believe I have above a Score,
Will prove that we had don't before
Above a hundred times or more;
My Lord, we've don't on all the Stiles
Quite round about within five Miles.
They've often found us hid in Sedge,
We've done it under every Hedge:
By her good Will the little Huſey
Would always play at Ticklemuzzy.
Yet now with Impudence this Laſs
Is proving what a Rent ſhe has,
As frequent uſing makes it ſtretch,
That's but a mighty ſilly Fetch:
For Shoes, tho' ſtrait, when firſt they're try'd,
When worn ſome time will be too wide;
Old *Towzulmuz* was in a Fright
When ſhe beheld the bloody Sight,
I ſhall not this explain for Reaſons,
Your Lordſhip knows of Times and Seaſons
When Women are moſt horrid frightful;
So this, my Lord, is plainly ſpiteful:
She alſo ſays the Fringe about,
Was ſomewhat rubb'd, and ſeem'd worn out;

I think this makes for me again,
And that I need not be in pain;
The Thing does thus itſelf explain:
Had ſhe been rubb'd but three times there,
She had not loſt one ſingle Hair.
What *Sally*, *Ruth*, and *Dolly* heard,
And ſaw, indeed like Truth appear'd;
For here with brazen Face they come,
And puſh the Matter very home;
We were, 'tis true, in that Poſition,
And might be found in that Condition;
But all their little Malice I
Deſpiſe as trifling, and defy
Them all to prove that what I did
Is any where by Law forbid.
They ſay they heard her raiſe her Voice,
And ſquall, and make a hideous Noiſe;
But that was only out of Fear,
Whene'er ſhe fancy'd ſome one near;
She then indeed would ſeem to rouſe,
Or elſe was ſtill as any Mouſe,
Except thoſe Motions which ariſe
When Women are in Extaſies;
With ſhort hard breathing, more or leſs,
Whereby their Pleaſure they expreſs;
Perhaps they too might overhear
A Whiſper of, Come cloſe, my Dear;
They ſaw, and heard theſe *Eſther* had,
And this it was that made 'em mad.
Eſther, for all ſhe's ſo bewitching,
I had not Strength to lay her Itching,
She ne'er was ſatisfy'd with S—ching.

To that Degree I work'd her Buff,
I thought indeed ſhe had enough,
But ſhe would be reveng'd ſhe ſwore,
Unleſs I gave it her twice more;
Which was not poſſible to be
Within an Hour, or two, or three.
I think mine is as hard a Caſe
As e'er was heard in ſuch a Place;
But ſhould my Plea be underſtood
As frivolous, and not thought good,
I've one your Lordſhip may think better,
My Lord, the Indictment wants a Letter;
Read it, and you will plainly ſee
There is a Word that wants a T.

JUDGE.

Now you ſay ſomething, for at laſt,
Tho' ne'er ſo hard, you may be caſt.
Save that for Judgment in Arreſt,
Take my Advice, I think it beſt:
My Conſcience is ſo very tender,
The vileſt, baſeſt, worſt Offender,
I think ſhould be intirely free,
If the Indictment wants a T.
But now you are oblig'd to call
Your Witneſſes, I'll hear 'em all.

PRISONER.

Thomas, ſtand up, and ſay what you
Have known, and often ſeen us do;
Whether theſe ſeven Years or more,
This *Eſther* has not been a Whore.

THOMAS.

THOMAS.

In every kind of Place, and Weather,
My Lord, I've met 'em both together,
And ſeen 'em tumble, kiſs, and ſmuggle.

JUDGE.

Fellow, ſpeak plain, and don't you juggle.

THOMAS.

Juggle, my Lord? I am a Sawyer,
I never was bred up a Lawyer.

JUDGE.

Sirrah, I think you ſhould be told
You're much too ſaucy, and too bold.

THOMAS.

Pardon my too great Freedom pray,
But People in the Country ſay,
As ſome Divines live beſt by ſnuffling,
So Lawyers get their Bread by ſhuffling.

JUDGE.

Here, come and take this Raſcal down,
I'll have him whip'd quite through the Town,
For ſcandalizing in ſuch Faſhion
The Law, and Juſtice of the Nation.

PRISONER.

My Lord, I think it very hard
My Witneſs ſhould be thus debarr'd,
And ſhamefully deny'd to ſpeak,
When Life and Fortune are at Stake.

JUDGE.

Set up ſome other in his Place,
We will not ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace:
Did ten Mens Lives depend upon it,
I'd fly ſuch Evidence, and ſhun it;

So impudently to reflect,
I'll make him talk with more Reſpect;
And puniſh this his Arrogance,
The Law ſhall lead him ſuch a Dance,
He'll ſoon be taught more Complaiſance.

COUNCIL.

My Lord, Severity is good,
People would ſtarve us if they could.

JUDGE.

Ay, but we've taken Care they ſhan't;
Come, now go on with what you want.

PRISONER.

Robin, ſay what you've ſeen between
Eſther and I, and what you've ſeen,
And what have done, and where have been.

ROBIN.

With great Submiſſion, I can tell.

JUDGE.

He's baſhful, and I like him well;
Such modeſt Carriage, and Expreſſion,
Tho' Death to thoſe of our Profeſſion,
In others yet I muſt commend:
Go on, and ſpeak with Courage, Friend.

ROBIN.

My Lord, I've known on this Occaſion
Things that muſt raiſe your Admiration;
I'm much aſham'd my Tale's ſo ſcurvy,
But I have ſeen her topſy turvy;
Her Petticoats and Shift were ſpread
So as to hide her Breaſt and Head,
And there appear'd at once diſplay'd

A hairy, hungry, gaping Slit,
And *Roger* here, a feeding it.

JUDGE.

In what he ſays there is ſome Senſe,
I like this Fellow's Evidence;
But as her Face was hid, how came
You to find out it was the ſame,
This *Eſther Dandleprick* by Name?
Women are different you know
In Features of the Face, altho'
They're pretty much alike below.

ROBIN.

My Lord, I will ſincerely tell ye,
I ſpy'd a Mole upon her Belly.
Long before this I had a Sight,
And took a View of this ſame Spright;
For being one Day very briſk,
Thinks I, ſuppoſe I take a Friſk:
Eſther was ſtanding by ſome Straw,
I threw her down, and then I ſaw
This little Mark, 'twas juſt above
What one may call the Sink of Love;
Which was as black as any Coal,
My Lord, 'twas there I ſaw this Mole.
What Girl it was this did explain,
By this I knew her once again:
It happen'd in a Barn at Night,
I catch'd 'em there by Candle-light.

JUDGE.

The Sink of Love you mean, is where
A Lover empties all his Care.

ROBIN.

Yes, yes, my Lord, I found it there.

JUDGE.

Well, now proceed, or have you done?

ROBIN.

For ſtronger Proof, my Lord, I've none.
'Tis true I've catch'd 'em at this Play
At other times, and long, I ſay,
Before the twenty fifth of *May*.

PRISONER.

This is, I think, ſufficient Proof
She lov'd this Sporting well enough,
To act without the leaſt Remorſe,
Or that there wanted any Force.
But as a farther Demonſtration
Of *Eſther*'s wanton Inclination,
Suſan, her Bedfellow, is here,
Who plainly will make this appear,
For ſhe has known her many a Year.
Pray, Miſtreſs *Suſan*, tell the Court
Now what you think, and Reaſons for't.

SUSAN.

My Lord, 'tis true, I've known her long,
And even now had held my Tongue,
But that poor *Roger*'s here abus'd,
And as I think moſt vilely us'd
By one who is by moſt agreed
A Whore in every Thought and Deed.
What I affirm is not fictitious,
She is abominably vitious.
In Bed when I've been faſt aſleep,
So very cloſe I've known her creep,
That frighted with an ugly Dream,
I've ſtarted up, and given a Scream,

Like

Like any Perſon in Deſpair,
And found my Hand the Lord knows where.
She is, beyond all Contradiction,
And has been, always fond of Friction;
She would lay hold of any Handle,
For when ſhe'ad not a Man to dandle,
My Lord, I've known her uſe a Candle.

COUNCIL.

The Proſecutor here's accus'd
Of means, which ſhe herſelf has us'd
To gratify a craving Paſſion,
By theſe ſtrange Ways of Titulation:
My Lord, of this we'll bring a Proof.

SUSAN.

I'm married now, and left 'em off.

JUDGE.

Suppoſe they ſuch a Proof have got,
That proves not *Eſther* did it not.
For this Time you have done, I b'lieve.

SUSAN.

My Lord, I humbly take my Leave.

JUDGE.

A pretty modeſt Woman this,
And what ſhe ſays not much amiſs.
What further Evidence d'you bring
To prove the Wear of *Eſther*'s Thing?

PRISONER.

'Twould make me guilty of a Crime
To treſpaſs on your Lordſhip's Time;
So out of Numbers which are here
To ſpeak as to my Character,

I'll

I'll only two or three ſelect,
Which muſt have their deſir'd Effect;
For they can alſo teſtify,
That all this mighty Rout and cry
Is purely Malice, to perplex
The innocenteſt of his Sex.
Martha, ſtand up, and ſay what *Eſther*
Told you one Night as ſhe undreſs'd her.

JUDGE.

Firſt ſay, before you ſpeak againſt her,
How are you ſtil'd?

MARTHA.

——————My Lord, a Spinſter.

JUDGE.

And what's your Name? for that's well ſpoke.

MARTHA.

My Name is *Martha Stiflecock.*

JUDGE.

That carries ſomething of a ſcreening,
I like a Name that has a Meaning;
Now tell us what you would be at?
But pray be brief, ſweet Miſtreſs *Pat.*

MARTHA.

My Lord, your Time I'll not delay;
For I have not one Word to ſay.

JUDGE.

How came you ſummon'd here, I pray?

MARTHA.

To tell my Name, and go away.

JUDGE.

That's brief indeed——————

PRI-

PRISONER.

——————it was another,
Not this——

JUDGE.

——Then let us hear that other.

PRISONER.

You ſhall, my Lord, I underſtand
She'll ſtrait be here, ſhe's near at hand.
Oh! here ſhe comes; pray, *Betty*, mount,
And give his Lordſhip an Account
What this ſame *Eſther* did, and ſaid,
One Night before ſhe went to Bed.

JUDGE.

Firſt tell your Name, and what's your Trade?

BETTY.

Aye, that I can, my Lord, with Eaſe,
My Name is *Betty Doodleteaze*;
Some People call me *Betty Wheedle*,
I get my Living by my Needle.
My Lord, I'm not of Friends forlorn,
For in this Pariſh I was born.

JUDGE.

Good Miſtreſs *Doodleteaze*, 'tis hideous
To be too long, ſo don't be tedious;
In Circumſtance don't be too nice,
Tell us the Subſtance in a Trice.

BETTY.

My Lord, I will be ſhorter than
Your Lordſhip can be telling ten.
The Night this terrible Affair
Happen'd to *Eſther*, I was there;

I found her on the Bed a lying
Without her Clothes, and ſhe was crying.
Says I, what is this mighty Rout?
And pray what can it be about?
I can't ſee what can be your Drift.
Says ſhe, why, don't you ſee my Shift?
Pray look you here, ſee how 'tis tore;
Now this, my Lord, I ſaw before:
A little Buſh of Hair came through it,
The Hole was wide enough to ſhew it:
Says I again, why this, no doubt,
Is not freſh done, but is worn out.
Says ſhe, that Villain in his ſmuggling,
He tore it thus, as I was ſtruggling;
'Tis what I never can forgive,
I'll proſecute him if I live.
Says I, don't be ſo poſitive;
Remember where it was I found
You both together on the Ground;
For I, my Lord, had catch'd him kneeling,
She on her Back, and him a feeling;
And that I'm ſure a Month or two
Before this Buſtle, and to do.
When I ſaid this, ſhe did begin
To pull her Horns a little in:
For while ſhe hatch'd this wicked Plot
Againſt poor *Roger*, ſhe forgot
What I and twenty more had ſeen
Them do one Day upon the Green.
Says ſhe, dear *Betſy*, now if you
Can but perſuade him to leave *Sue*,
And give me what I think my Due;

I'

I'll treat him as an honeſt Man,
If not, I'll hang him if I can.
This is as true as that I'm here,
Or that your Lordſhip's ſitting there.
I'm ſure if ſhe had not conſented,
She might have eaſily prevented;
For he as honeſt may be ſaid,
As ever broke a Bit of Bread;
I had Occaſion once to try him,
I lay in Bed one whole Night by him;
For being once extremely daunted,
From a Report the Houſe was haunted;
I ſent for *Roger*, whom you ſee,
That Night to come and lie with me:
He did ſo, and inſtead of Fright,
I never paſs'd a better Night.
Indeed, my Lord' inſtead of Harm,
I found his Company a Charm.
I've often wonder'd, and admir'd,—

JUDGE.

I am ſurpris'd ſhe is not tir'd.

BETTY.

Pardon, my Lord, for I am fir'd.

JUDGE.

If I miſtake not, when you ſpoke,
You ſaid you ſaw out of her Smock
A little Buſh of Hair come through,
Pray tell us whereabouts it grew.

BETTY.

My Lord, this aweful Place would ring,
Aloud ſhould I name ſuch a Thing.

Beſides it needs not, in this Hall
'Tis wrote with Chalk upon the Wall:
In large white Characters 'tis ſpread,
And glares above your Lordſhip's Head.

JUDGE.

Aye, is it ſo? Pray whereabout?
Here, order ſome one with a Clout
Immediately to waſh it out.
'Tis not a proper Ornament,
This muſt be done with ſome Intent.
Huſey, what is it makes you ſmile?

BETTY.

I was a thinking all the while,
Suppoſe one wide enough, and big
To make a Judge's Periwig,
And that your Lordſhip had it on,
Would ſuch a Sight not move a Stone?
Your Lordſhip's Head would look ſo curl'd,
As when it peep'd into the World;
So very childiſh, and ſo young.

JUDGE.

She has the Devil of a Tongue;
And as ſhe's ſo exceeding pretty,
I could forgive her being witty,
But cannot brook, I muſt confeſs,
Thoughts of a Judge in ſuch a Dreſs.

PRISONER.

Fy, don't you ſee his Lordſhip's vex'd?

JUDGE.

Pray ſet her down, and bring the next.

PRISONER.

PRISONER.

The Witneſs now, my Lord, I chuſe,
Will Proof of Modeſty produce;
And who for that will pawn her Life,
It is, my Lord, the Parſon's Wife;
Now ſuch an Inſtance ſhe will give,
Worthy your Lordſhip to receive;
Pray, Miſtreſs *Diddle*, be ſo kind
To ſpeak, and freely tell your Mind.

Mrs. DIDDLE.

My Lord, I firſt muſt tell my Story,
And lay the Matter plain before ye.
When by bad Huſbands we are laid,
How wretched are poor Women made?
My melancholy Introduction,
I hope, will have a fair Conſtruction;
And that I ſhan't be tedious thought,
Let not Misfortune make my Fault.

JUDGE.

Madam, you're handſome, it ſhall not.

Mrs. DIDDLE.

Would any Man, who is not mad,
Think that theſe Hands, and Eyes I had,
Theſe ſnowy Hands, and wiſhing Eyes,
For making Broth, and Apple-pies;
But ſo it is, I thus miſcarry'd;
I was a Maid when firſt I marry'd,
And for my Huſband, to my Sorrow,
Was he to be interr'd to Morrow,
I might remain, I've been ſo curs'd,
The ſame he found me at the firſt;

For

For he, poor Soul, can only piddle,
All muſt have heard of Parſon *Diddle.*
When warm Imagination fires
A youthful Woman with Deſires,
What Satisfaction can that bring her,
No bigger than one's little Finger?
My Huſband's little Tool to all
Is known to be ſo very ſmall,
I'm ſure to be, when he is dead,
Follow'd, and courted as a Maid,
Of this I'm not at all afraid.
Now ſince I'm undefil'd, and pure,
You cannot think I would endure
A Perſon any ways uncivil,
Or one at all convers'd in Evil.
Had I imagin'd, or ſuppos'd
Roger ſo wantonly diſpos'd,
I think I ſhould have been aware,
And not have truſted him ſo far,
To ſit, and be with him alone,
As I have very often done.
An Inſtance of his Modeſty
Firſt recommended him to me;
Which I'll relate as very rare,
And being ſomewhat ſingular.
As walking down a ſteep Deſcent,
One Day too careleſly I went,
I trode upon a Stone, and ſlip'd,
And holding nothing, up I trip'd:
The Fall ſo ſtunn'd me, I lay ſtill,
My Head and Neck were down the Hill;

My Clothes flew up upon my Breaſt,
But not a Rag upon the reſt:
That what I had, when I was down,
Muſt have been ſeen by all the Town,
And moſt impertinently ſcann'd,
But *Roger* hid it with his Hand;
For he was ſtanding 'gainſt a Wall,
Some Diſtance off, and ſaw me fall;
At which he took it in his Head
To run as faſt as if he'ad fled,
And clap'd his Hand juſt where I ſaid.
I ſoon recover'd in the Air,
And thank'd him kindly for his Care.
Says I, this is too great a Favour,
I fear your Hand will have a Flavour.
Replys he, Madam, 'tis a Smell
I always lik'd extremely well;
Tho' ſerving you, I needs muſt think
It ſweet, if it had been a Stink.
Now who, my Lord, could take amiſs
Such great Civility as this;
He help'd me up; when I aroſe,
And had adjuſted all my Clothes;
I aſk'd him, as it did become
Me in return, to ſee me home:
He did ſo: we came to the Houſe,
And there we ſaw my weakly Spouſe,
Who, ſtupid, in the Porch was ſitting,
Smoaking his Pipe, and often ſpitting:
Diddle was croſs, and us'd to ſnap,
But now pull'd off his woolen Cap:

Says

Says he, where haſt thou been, my Chuck?
Says I, I've had the horrid'ſt Luck;
I tumbled down upon ſome Stones,
And thought I'ad broken all my Bones:
Had it not been for this your Friend,
I know not what had been the End.
How comes it tho' that you're alone?
Where's *Katy*, *William*, *Dolly*, gone?
Says he, this Hour I've not ſeen one.
Deary, you'll not find any Body,
Go, make him welcome in my Study:
You'll find it where before it ſtood,
A Dram or two of ſomething good;
I think the Bottle that has moſt in,
Stands on a Shelf, next to St. *Auſtin*.
Mean while I'll go before 'tis dark,
And ſmoak my Pipe out with the Clerk.
Diddle walk'd on to viſit *Ralph*,
Roger and I ſet up a Laugh,
We thought ourſelves ſo ſnug and ſafe;
I don't mean ſafe from an Alarm,
For we, poor Things, we thought no Harm:
But only pleas'd that we were free
From Parſon *Diddle*'s Company:
For he and I could ne'er agree,
He is an odious Man to me.
Sure an old Man can ne'er be pleaſing,
Nothing's ſo tireſome, and ſo teazing.

JUDGE.

Moſt Rules, you know, have ſome Exceptions,
Women are ſubject to Deceptions.

There

There are old Men have many Charms.

Mrs. DIDDLE.

Had I your Lordſhip in my Arms,
I then might be convinc'd 'tis ſo;
'Till when I needs muſt anſwer, no.
Diddle can ne'er give me Content.

JUDGE.

I thank you for your Compliment.
You've almoſt finiſh'd now, I gueſs,
Th' Account of *Roger*'s Baſhfulneſs;
Of other Matters you and I
Will talk in private by and by.

Mrs. DIDDLE.

When *Diddle* left us we went in
Both of us in a merry Pin;
We ſat us down, and fell a talking;
I being pretty hot with walking,
Pull'd off my Handkerchief to cool,
Then he began to play the Fool;
Encouragement I gave him, hoping
'Twould end in inoffenſive Groping.
His Fingers did my Boſom tap,
Which I return'd him with a Rap:
I'll nothing from your Lordſhip ſmother,
One Thing, my Lord, brought on another;
Moſt of the Time he had to ſtay
Was ſpent in Romps, and harmleſs Play:
The Books about the Study flew,
And *Diddle*'s Gown and Caſſock too.
Then down upon the Floor we tumbl'd,
And there for Half an Hour we jumbl'd;

He tore in Pieces all my Smock,
The Buttons off his Breeches broke;
When tir'd we fell aſleep by chance,
And there we lay as in a Trance;
His Arms about my Neck were bent,
My Right-hand graſp'd his Inſtrument,
Tho' all, my Lord, was innocent.
Diddle came home, and in he looks,
All ſtrew'd about he ſees his Books;
Some of 'em with their Leaves all tore,
And ſcatter'd up and down the Floor,
With Headclothes, broken Bottles, Liquor,
Band, Gown, and Caſſock, of the Vicar,
And Garters, and the Lord knows what,
And *Roger*'s Wig in Chamberpot;
But when he ſaw us to the full,
He roar'd as loud as any Bull;
Thus bawling out the ſilly Whelp
Ran out of Doors, and call'd for Help:
In ruſh'd a dozen, if not more,
Who ſaw us thus upon the Floor.
We wak'd, the Noiſe was now ſo loud,
And found ourſelves amidſt a Croud:
Of dying I was on the Border,
To be ſo catch'd in this Diſorder;
My Headclothes preſently I put on,
But *Roger* wanted every Button,
And, what was worſe, his Shirt ſo tore,
It wanted all the Flap before;
He runs away when this he feels,
His Breeches down about his Heels;

And all who met him were afraid,
Thinking at firſt that he was mad.
In this Condition helter ſkelter
He fled into a Houſe for Shelter;
The Women in it loſt their Wits,
So frighted that they fell in Fits;
They made a moſt prodigious Clatter,
Not knowing what could be the Matter;
'Till by Enquiry they at laſt
Knew all the Frolick that had paſt.
Now this for talking gave a Hint,
For all there was but little in't.
To wed a Fool is ſure a Curſe,
For that which made the Matter worſe,
The *Sunday* after this Event,
When *Diddle* was in Pulpit pent,
He preach'd, and made a hideous Cry
'Gainſt Whoredom, and Adultery.
Roger, I'm ſure, muſt in his Love
Be harmleſs as a Turtle-Dove;
I cannot eaſily forget him,
He touch'd me not but when I let him.
This Story, which I thought of ſince,
I've told your Lordſhip, to convince
Both you, and all the Jurymen,
One ſhan't perhaps find one in ten
So modeſt as this *Roger* here;
And this, I think, I've made appear.

JUDGE.

The Proof you've brought, tho' ſomething long,
Is entertaining as 'tis ſtrong:

Such an Example, I muſt own,
Of Modeſty is rarely known,
To ſuch a Pitch this Age is grown.
Roger, my Patience has been great,
Produce the reſt, for it is late.
I'm weary, and I have not din'd;
Who can foreſee how you may find
A very hungry Judge inclin'd?

ROGER.

I'll call but one more out of many,
And that is pretty little *Nanny*;
For Beauty ſhe's in mighty Fame;
I've play'd with her at every Game.
No ſort of Play but what was taught her,
She is, my Lord, a Farmer's Daughter.
If ſhe miſplaces any Word,
I hope you'll pardon it, my Lord;
I doubt not but you'll have the Senſe
T' impute it to her Innocence.
Nanny, I hope you'll be ſo good
To let it here be underſtood,
Whenever you have known me gay,
What my Behaviour was at play.

NANNY.

My Lord, there was not Wake, or Fair,
But I have met with *Roger* there;
At all the Gambols we have been
In every Houſe, on every Green;
At every Chriſt'ning, without doubt,
Roger and I muſt have a Bout.
Whene'er we play'd at blind Man's Buff,
And I was catch'd at 'bout my Ruff,

I could diſtinguiſh *Roger's* Feel
Was ſtill by far the moſt genteel:
Was it at Queſtions, and Commands,
So gently he would uſe his Hands,
I think no Woman e'er could be
Handled with ſo much Decency;
With ſo great Caution, and ſuch Care,
That he would not miſplace a Hair:
I, who of Play could never ſurfeit,
For ever wiſh'd that he might forfeit.
At Hotcockles 'twas alſo ſuch,
So very delicate his Touch,
I never thought I had too much.
Puſs in the Corner was the ſame,
And many others I could name.
And then again for Plays of Wit,
No one ſo baſhful, and ſo fit.
How long at Crambo have we ſat!
When all his Rhimes would be ſo pat;
And yet ſo wonderful his Fear
Too groſly to offend the Ear,
As that perhaps if I ſaid ruſh,
Becauſe he would not make me bluſh,
He'd ſay I had the fineſt Bruſh,
Or no one had ſo thick a Buſh.
With him the Word would always chime,
And tinkle with ſome modeſt Rhime:
As for Example now, to hunt,
I'm ſure 'twas never worſe than C—.
From hence, all hereabouts do know it,
He's often call'd the ſhame-fac'd Poet.

JUDGE.

JUDGE.

'Twas difficult to have a Senſe
Indeed of ſo much Innocence;
But as you ſaid before, I fancy
You end it here with modeſt *Nanſy*.

ROGER.

My Lord, I do, I muſt confeſs,
I think the Jury can't do leſs
Than to acquit me, one and all,
From this Affair ſo criminal.
Her Witneſſes, 'tis true, begin,
And ſeem to ſwear through thick and thin,
That I againſt her Will had don't,
And make a horrid Story on't:
They tell you that they heard her ſhriek,
And cry as if her Heart would break;
Nay, any one to hear 'em further,
Would b'lieve I had committed Murder;
With frightful Words they ſo abound:
They ſay ſhe had a bleeding Wound;
That ſhe ſo great a Rent had got,
As wide as any Porridge-pot.
To ſhew this is a rank Abuſe,
I ſeven Witneſſes produce;
The Men are Men of Probity,
The Women ſuch as may defy
All thoſe, but ſuch too nice and ſqueamiſh,
To ſully 'em with any Blemiſh.
Now one of theſe your Lordſhip ſcar'd,
Which was indeed a little hard;
Another of 'em was to blame,
Becauſe ſhe only told her Name.

The reſt convincing Proof afford,
Nor do they mince, my Lord, one Word;
They're free, and open, and ſincere
In all they ſay, as you may hear;
They've giv'n you *Eſther*'s Character.
And that inſtead of ſuch a Rape,
We've don't in every Place and Shape:
No Opportunity we've miſs'd,
She'as not a Spot but I have kiſs'd:
Frequent Variety ſhe'd find
To tempt her Lover to be kind,
Sideways, my Lord, before, behind,
In ſundry Figures we've been twin'd;
Into ſtrange Poſtures we've been ſcrew'd,
And ſtuck together as if glew'd.
As farther Proof, my Lord, they ſay,
I am not ſubject for to ſtray;
But that in Womens Company
I always am extremely ſhy,
And touch'd 'em very tenderly;
Not the leaſt ſubject to intrude,
Or that they've ever known me rude;
In this the Women all agree,
They got not any Harm from me;
Nay, were they all, I will be ſworn,
Naked as ever they were born,
And I amongſt 'em, they'd appear
Rejoyc'd, and not ſhew any Fear;
Now this it cannot be deny'd,
I've ſometimes, nay, I've often try'd,
And if by Chance one did provoke,
That I have given her a Stroke,

'Twas

'Twas done ſo gently without Pain,
She would provoke me to't again:
This plainly ſhews ſhe gave Conſent,
I'm not the Man they repreſent,
I hope this Proof will be admitted
As good, and I ſhall be acquitted.
But now my humbleſt Thanks are due
In Gratitude, my Lord, to you:
Your patient Hearing of this Cauſe
Muſt win your Lordſhip much Applauſe.

JUDGE.

Roger, you eaſily may gueſs
I like your female Witneſſes;
Betty was ſaucy, and did chatter,
But I'll forget it, that's no matter:
I think as to your Innocence,
You've made a pretty good Defence.
Gentlemen of the Jury, now
'Tis fit you ſhould ſome Time allow
To hear the Evidence ſumm'd up,
Then you may dine, and take a Cup:
This Taſk is mine, I ſhall endeavour
To do't, and not ſhew any Favour,
For that would look not well in us;
So *Roger* ſtands indicted thus:
As the Indictment does ſurmiſe,
Not having Fear before his Eyes,
But inſtigated by the Devil,
And being thorough-pac'd in Evil,
Having a Weapon very long,
Exceeding ſtiff, and mighty ſtrong,

Did

Did thruſt it in with all his Strength
This *Eſther*'s Body its full Length;
It carries farther this Suggeſtion,
He never aſk'd her once the Queſtion,
But did without the leaſt Pretence
Make uſe of barb'rous Violence.
Such as are rampant, and ſo cruel,
I think ſhould live on Water-gruel.
Such Crimes as theſe, when they explain,
It makes one tingle every Vein;
You ſaw that I could not contain;
But went with Miſtreſs *Ruth* a little,
To ſearch the Truth out to a Tittle,
And took a World of Pains to know
What *Roger* did, and where, and how.
Now here is *Eſther*, and three more,
That makes, I think, the Number four,
And *Roger*'s Witneſſes are ſeven,
Which altogether make eleven:
If I don't place Things in true Light,
I wiſh ſome one would ſet me right;
Forgive Miſtakes, I meant it not,
Old *Frowzymuz*, I had forgot.

COUNCIL.

No, you miſtake again, my Lord,
'Twas *Towzelmuz* upon my Word.

JUDGE.

It was indeed, and I knock under.
But it cannot be any Wonder
To find a Judge miſtake and blunder;
I mean to him who underſtands
What Buſineſs paſſes through our Hands.

Sarah begins, and ſays, that ſhe
That Night, by peeping through a Tree,
Not through the Body, but the Branches,
Saw a ſtark naked Pair of Haunches:
I did not aſk if they were white,
Becauſe ſhe ſaid 'twas almoſt Night,
And that ſhe was in ſuch a Fright;
For 'twas a Scream, you heard her ſay,
Which made her turn, and look that Way;
She knows the Time of what ſhe'as ſpoken,
She ſays, exactly by a Token:
Now Womens Tokens we ſuppoſe
Are not ſo proper to diſcloſe,
Which made me not inſiſt upon it,
But if I had, ſhe would have done it;
The Girl, tho' modeſt, was not ſhy,
I believe ſhe would not forge a Lie;
She has too much Simplicity.
By what ſhe ſays it don't appear,
Whoſe Legs and naked Thighs they were;
Tho' ſhe affirms what makes one ſtare,
I do not think it weighs a Hair:
One Thing I had forgot, ſhe ſays,
It was a very loneſome Place;
She went to viſit, when ſhe ſaw
This Sight, a Neighbour in the Straw.
The next, when *Sarah* this had ſaid,
Comes *Dorothy*, the Dairy-maid,
And ſwears, that as ſhe ſat with *Harry*,
Whom I ſuppoſe ſhe thought to marry,
But firſt would let him take a Turn,
To ſee how well he lik'd her Churn;

Civility which frequent paſſes,
Among the Country Lads and Laſſes,
If wed or marry'd on a *Sunday*,
The Bride is brought to Bed on *Monday*:
She ſwears, I ſay, a bawling out,
Firſt made her ſtare, and look about;
That ſhe beheld upon the Mow
Roger, who ſtands before us now,
With ſomething in his Hand it ſeems,
Which ſince has given her frightful Dreams.
I told her that our wholeſome Laws
Requir'd her to ſay what it was;
At firſt ſhe did begin to ſham,
And put me off with any Flam;
She ſaid it was a Cock, that ſame,
Then call'd it by a *Spaniſh* Name,
At laſt you heard, out *Pego* came:
And ſhe ſincerely makes Confeſſion,
It made a very deep Impreſſion;
As very well indeed it might,
She muſt remember ſuch a Sight:
No Woman, if ſhe once has met it,
Will ever eaſily forget it:
But what ſhe ſays is all a Joke,
And only terminates in Smoke:
For ſhould I preſently incline,
As I ſit here, to handle mine,
It might be harmleſs, very peaceful.

BETTY.

It might, my Lord, and would look graceful,

JUDGE.

Here, take away this ſaucy Strum,
Can any think it does become
The Dignity of ſuch a Court,
That ſerious Things be made a Sport;
This is the ſecond time at leaſt
She'as turn'd a Judge into a Jeſt.
Eſther has reaſon for to thank
The third, I own, who ſwears point blank,
That ſhe not only ſaw what paſt,
As was related by the laſt,
But did obſerve him make a Thruſt,
To gratify his filthy Luſt:
And I did take the niceſt Care
I could, you know, to find out where;
I believe that you did do the ſame,
For Tuz was all that ſhe would name:
I could not bear to be in doubt,
So left the Bench, and took her out;
I'm ſure but little Time I waſted,
Altho' I look'd, and ſmell'd, and taſted:
Too much for one of my great Age,
Who'm juſt a going off the Stage;
But all the Pains I took did pleaſe,
Becauſe I found it gave me Eaſe:
My earneſt Love for Juſtice ſuch,
I never think I do too much;
This Miſtreſs *Ruth* might plainly ſee,
When I had got her under me.
Now *Eſthēr* ſhe herſelf appears,
With Eyes that ſeem to ſwim in Tears,

And

And makes a ſad and piteous Story,
Which, if 'twere true, would make one ſorry.
Her Ignorance was ſo prodigious,
Lawyers, ſhe thought, ſhould not be tedious,
Till I convinc'd her we could do
Nothing without our being ſo.
She tells you, *Roger* did diſcover
Some Time before himſelf her Lover;
He aſk'd her often for a Bit,
And that ſhe ſtill refus'd him it.
This Night ſhe mounted up a Ladder,
(A Woman could do nothing madder)
Which done, he quickly mounted after,
I could perceive this rais'd your Laughter;
Which every prudent Man can tell
Is indiſcreet, and not ſo well:
However, when they were at Top,
This *Roger* here he opens Shop,
And out a certain Tool he lugs,
She ſhuts her Legs, and then he tugs,
'Till he had got 'em open wide,
Then in immediately did ſlide,
Taking Advantage in the Nick,
She then perceiv'd him do the Trick,
And that he touch'd her to the Quick.
But now ſhe is, you may remark,
In her Expreſſion very dark;
For when I urg'd her to explain
What Thing it was that gave her Pain,
Her Evidence to nothing dwindles,
She talks of Pegs, and Screws, and P--tles;

Now what had theſe to do with hers?
They're only Tools for Carpenters.
I doubt not, Gentlemen, you'll lend
A patient Ear, while I commend
Your Care in aſking her Condition,
Enquiring after an Emiſſion;
Now this ſhe gives for Anſwer to it;
Roger, ſhe ſays, did three times do it;
The firſt indeed ſhe cannot tell,
The two laſt times remembers well
There iſſu'd forth a whitiſh Matter,
Something like Childrens ſquirting Water.
But I forget,——at firſt the Laſs
Would very fain have had it paſs,
She knew not what Emiſſion was;
Until the Council aſk'd her, plump,
If ſhe was wet about her Rump.
Laſt comes a bloated, red-fac'd Toper,
Old, filthy *Towzelmuz*, the Groper,
With gummy Eyes, as red as Ferret,
She ſtunk ſo, I could hardly bear it;
I ſmelt a Fume, which reach'd me hither,
Of Rum, and ſtinking Fiſh together.
She makes a might Rout, and blabs
Of Rents, and Blood, and Wounds, and Stabs;
And tells you that this *Eſther*'s Ruff
Appear'd like any worn out Muff.
I don't mind any thing ſhe ſays,
It may be taken different Ways;
'Tis very hard to give a Gueſs
At Women by Appearances.

I would not have you of the Jury
Take any Heed to this old Fury;
For all ſhe here affirms ſhe'as ſeen't,
Indeed I think there's nothing in't;
What's now atteſted by this Sot,
It may be, or it may be not;
However, it behoves that you
Be circumſpect in what you do;
And mighty cautious, for I ſay
Mens Lives muſt not be thrown away;
Old Women are by much too haſty,
As well as they are mighty naſty.
Roger, to all this Stir and Fuſs,
Makes his Defence, and it is thus:
Says he, all hereabouts there's no Man
But knows ſhe is a wicked Woman;
That ſhe'd turn up to every Looby,
And ſuffer every dirty Booby
To play with her at Tickle-toby.
He owns he'as taken many a Bout
As well within Doors, as without;
But never did a Thing ſo ſlaviſh,
Or ever did intend to raviſh;
And that this Proſecution all is
Contriv'd, and ſet on foot through Malice,
Only becauſe ſhe would that he
Did it five times, inſtead of three.
The other Witneſſes combin'd,
He ſays, becauſe he could not find
Sufficient for 'em, ſo they brew'd
This Miſchief; for you underſtood
They were abominably lewd.

He tells you he did often twirl
Around his Fingers every Curl
Of all thoſe Locks which ſo adorn her,
And do't in every Crick and Corner:
So very diſtant his Intent
From any Sort of Raviſhment,
He thought ſhe never was content.
And what muſt mighty Pains have coſt ſure,
They've lain in every kind of Poſture;
Perhaps they lik'd it, but alack,
I think a Woman on her Back
Muſt have by much a freer Riggle,
Which makes, you know, a better Friggle;
I can't expreſs what one receives,
Nor what a Reliſh 'tis ſhe gives
Her Lover, every time ſhe heaves;
Nothing ſo pleaſing is to me
As female Elaſticity;
To uſe a plainer kind of Speech,
A Woman's Motion with her Breech,
He ſays he never was accus'd
Of having any one abus'd;
But always, on the contrary,
Behav'd with greateſt Modeſty.
You'll ſee that when the Queſtion's put
Eſther's as impudent a Slut
As ever cramm'd, or ſtuff'd a Gut.
And now to prove ſuch Things as theſe,
He has a Cloud of Witneſſes;
Of which produc'd I think there's ſeven
The fulleſt Evidence have given;

Moſt

Moſt of the Women, you may ſee't,
Seem to be modeſt, and diſcreet:
I'll ſum up all, give no Directions,
And leave you to your own Reflections.
Firſt then, here comes a ſaucy Fellow,
Who'ad got, I believe, a little mellow,
For what he ſaid would make one's Hair
At once riſe up on End, and ſtare;
But I ſhall teach him how a Fool
Should uſe and handle an Edge-tool;
That ſome wiſe Authors he may ſay with,
The Law is not a Beaſt to play with;
So great the Folly of this Wight,
Thinking to make thus very light
Of what puts others in a Fright.
If ſuffer'd to go on, ifacking
We ſhould unto ourſelves be lacking,
So I thought fit to ſend him packing.
The next is honeſt, and downright,
And ſeems to ſpeak not out of Spite:
He tells you that he ſaw this Slut,
Whoſe Face was hid, turn up her Scut,
Remark'd the hairy, ravenous Beaſt,
And *Roger* giving it a Feaſt.
Says I, as ſhe had hid her Face,
You only ſaw the other Place,
How could you tell this *Eſther* was?
Moſt Women, if you've not forgot 'em
Are pretty much alike at Bottom.
Aye, but ſays he, I ſaw a Mole,
A little Diſtance from her Hole:

With that he told you how before
He came to know her common Shore.
The third is *Suſan* that appears,
Whoſe Prudence far exceeds her Years;
She tells you for a certain Truth,
She'as known this *Eſther* from her Youth;
That they together have been bred,
And always one at Board, and Bed.
That there is nothing in theſe Clamours,
She'd uſe all Sorts of Things for Rammers:
And that for any lewd Intention,
There's not a Girl of ſuch Inven..on.
Pardon me, I cannot forbear,
Whenever ſuch a Thing I hear,
Sighing, and letting fall a Tear;
My Daughter had the ſame Diſeaſe,
Nothing her Fury could appeaſe;
She died by Methods ſuch as theſe:
I often ſaw her Inclinations,
And gave my Wife ſome Intimations;
Who ſometimes tell her would from hence
Of what would be the Conſequence;
But all ſhe ſaid was looſing Breath,
Poor *Kitty* fr---'d herſelf to Death.
I think now *Martha* is the fourth,
And what ſhe ſays but little worth;
She might as well as what ſhe ſpoke,
Have told us what it was a Clock:
I think her Name was *Smothercock.*

ROGER.

'Twas *Stiflecock*,——

JUDGE.

——————Aye, I miſtook.

His

His Witneſſes do ſtill encreaſe,
For now comes *Betty Doodleteaze*;
A clever, handſome Girl, and ſmart,
But ſomewhat ſaucy, and too pert:
Who tells you, that Night being come,
She ſat with *Eſther* in her Room,
Who thus pronounc'd this *Roger*'s Doom;
That he ſhould Reaſon have to rue
His playing certain Pranks with *Sue*,
Unleſs this *Betty* could, ſhe ſaid,
By any Arguments perſuade,
And make him quit, for her, that Jade.
If ſo, then Jealouſy's the Caſe,
And that the Cauſe of his Diſgrace.
A jealous Woman's ſuch a Fiend,
She'as always ſome malicious End;
To give to her Revenge a Swinge,
She would the Univerſe unhinge:
My Wife, 'tis true, ſhe had not much on't,
But yet ſhe had a little Touch on't:
Now *Betty* adds, ſhe knows full well
That this Contrivance came from Hell;
For *Roger*'s honeſt, and as juſt
As ever eat a Bit of Cruſt:
She try'd him, for it was her Pleaſure
To truſt him with her Virgin-treaſure;
I mean by this her Maidenhead,
She lay with him one Night in Bed,
And never paſs'd, I think, ſhe ſays,
A pleaſanter in all her Days.
But one Thing I've forgot by Chance,
I muſt repeat that Circumſtance;

That through a Hole in *Eſther*'s Smock
There came a little hairy Lock;
I aſk'd, for I deſir'd to know,
Juſt whereabouts this Lock did grow.
Says ſhe, ſuch Words I cannot talk,
But I will not your Fancy balk,
'Tis wrote above your Head in Chalk;
I turn'd about, and ſaw it blunt,
In huge large Characters wrote C---t.
I think that Folks in ſuch a Station
As that of Mayor, and Corporation,
Should take more Care than to expoſe
Such ſort of tickliſh Things as thoſe;
'Tis telling, when they hither come,
What Furniture they leave at home.
And that ſo proper mayn't, you know,
Be quite, for ſome of 'em to do.
The Parſon's Wife can do no leſs
Than vouch for *Roger*'s Baſhfulneſs;
For he, it ſeems, and Miſtreſs *Diddle*,
Were often playing at Bum-fiddle:
This Gentlewoman comes the next,
Who ſeems diſturb'd, and much perplex'd
With *Diddle*'s opening of her Text.
Indeed her Caſe is very hard,
For, as ſhe ſays, he is debarr'd
The Pleaſures of a married State,
So wretched her unhappy Fate.
'Tis bad, 'tis true, to have a ſlow Thing,
But worſe to have one good for nothing,
How can a Woman have her Fill
From what's no bigger than a Quill?

I pity thoſe are doom'd to fret,
When they ſuch Tools of Huſbands get;
Small Comfort Matrimony brings,
When Women get ſuch little Things;
My Wife, poor Woman, thought 'em Slaves,
And better bury'd in their Graves.
But to return, without neglect,
Or ſhewing any Diſreſpect
To *Diddle*, movingly ſhe ſaid,
If once her Huſband's Head was laid,
She might be reckon'd ſtill a Maid;
Which made her cautious when ſhe ſlept,
Or wak'd, what Company ſhe kept;
For *Diddle* found, you heard, her keeping
Some Company when ſhe was ſleeping.
You have, I think, in her Relation,
The Pink of Prudence, and Diſcretion;
For ſhe, you hear, was ſuch a Prude,
She'd ſuffer no Man to be rude.
She tells you *Roger*'s handſome Dealing
Firſt made 'em have a Fellow-feeling;
For meeting with an Accident,
This *Roger* his Aſſiſtance lent,
And did her ſure Diſgrace prevent;
His Hand moſt decently enclos'd,
What elſe muſt needs have been expos'd;
She took it kindly, as well meant,
Knowing 'twould leave an ugly Scent.
Moſt of you, Gentlemen, I trow,
Have had your Noſes in't e'er now:

I have

I have, and it has made me ſick,
I've found it rank as any Leek,
And not got rid on't in a Week.
But to go on, this Courteſy
Engag'd her firſt to be ſo free,
As to invite him; home they went,
And paſs'd ſome Time in Merriment:
You've heard, when there, there was no Dearth
Of harmleſs, inoffenſive Mirth,
And all had paſs'd without Suſpicion,
But for her Huſband's Indiſcretion.
I think it ſhews a Diſreſpect
To Wives, for Huſbands to ſuſpect;
Which Men will do of every Station,
And many times without Foundation.
This brings into my Mind my Wife,
Much dearer to me than my Life:
For once we had a mighty Squabling,
Having a Notion ſhe'ad been dabbling;
Tho' ſhe, poor Soul, had different Notions,
Spending much Time in her Devotions;
And was as free from any Folly
As Miſtreſs *Diddle* here, or *Dolly*.
Would they be free from Jealouſies,
Huſbands, inſtead of being Spies,
Should give no Credit to their Eyes;
That Man can never live in Eaſe,
Who, like a Fool, believes all he ſees:
We ſhould not take ſkimm'd Milk for Cream,
Things are not always what they ſeem:
For Miſtreſs *Diddle* here, 'tis plain,
Did put her Huſband to great Pain,

Which

Which made the modeſt Pariſh ring
With only graſping *Roger*'s Thing;
For what they might have done before
Was Suppoſition, and no more.
'Tis far, I think, from meritorious,
For us to be at all cenſorious.
How many Women in this Nation
Are quite undone in Reputation,
Meerly becauſe they're catch'd in Bed
With Men before they come to wed?
Thus Females ſtand an ugly Chance,
Through Envy, or through Ignorance.
You hear now what ſhe ſays however,
That *Roger* was a Man who never
Would any ſort of Rudeneſs offer,
But take what ſhe'ad a mind to proffer;
Not one of thoſe, whom you know well,
If given an Inch, will take an Ell;
But always with good Manners ſtaid,
'Till Women on their Backs were laid:
In ſhort with her, not ſweet as Myrtle,
Roger was harmleſs as a Turtle;
Nor did ſhe in her Conſcience believe
His Inclination was to give
A Woman more than ſhe'd receive.
Moſt of them think ſo much their Due,
I believe it from my Heart 'tis true.
This Miſtreſs *Diddle* has Pretence,
Indeed, to excellent good Senſe.
The laſt a Hoyden we may term,
But ſtill in Virtue very firm;

She's one who greatly Mirth approves,
No Gaiety but what ſhe loves:
But yet ſo modeſt, and ſo coy,
No ſort of Pleaſure ſhe'll enjoy,
That may her Innocence deſtroy:
She's none of thoſe call'd brazen-fac'd,
But rather ſeems to be ſtrait lac'd:
One of the Tribe, when Men adore 'em,
Will ſuffer none to come before 'em,
Without good Manners, and Decorum.
She could go no where but this *Roger*
Made it his Buſineſs to dodge her;
She'as play'd with him at many Games
She ſays, and ſome of 'em ſhe names;
And always found his Touch ſo clever, —
She could have play'd with him for ever;
And that he was in Plays of Wit,
As modeſt as they would permit:
Crambo I find a Favourite;
In which his Words would fluent guſh,
And ſo as not to raiſe a Bluſh:
The worſt of 'em, I think, ſhe ſaid,
Was what you ſaw above my Head.
Now, Gentlemen, I've play'd my Part,
You muſt have got it all by heart:
I think, indeed, I've done it fairly,
Juſtice is what I love moſt dearly:
As for my own Opinion,
'Twas beſt I fancy'd to give none,
So I have let it quite alone.
No Prejudice to either Side,
Conſcience is what muſt be your Guide.

Now if you find him guilty---ſo,
If not---why you muſt let him go.
The Jury for ſome time retir'd,
And of their Conſciences enquir'd;
Which done, the Foreman for the reſt,
Spoke out, and thus the Judge addreſt.

FOREMAN of the JURY.

My Lord, I may ſincerely tell,
We've weigh'd this Matter mighty well;
And tho' they make ſo great a Bounce,
Roger not guilty we pronounce.

JUDGE.

'Tis right, I'd have it underſtood,
I think your Verdict very good;
And moſt judiciouſly that you
This good and golden Rule purſue,
To do as you'd be done unto.
A Rape I take to be a Jeſt,
Tho' Women grant not the Requeſt,
You give 'em what they all like beſt.
They'll ſay that you their Anger move,
Tho' forcing 'em to what they love;
For I've made this my Obſervation,
There's ſcarce a Woman in the Nation
Can live without ſome Tittulation.

FINIS.

Now if you find them guilty,
If not—why you must let him go,
The Jury for those nine years past,
And of their Country's Property,
Which done, the Prisoner by the Gaoler
Spake out, and thus to the Judge.

Prisoner at the Bar.

My Lord, I may innocently tell,
We've weigh'd this Affair mighty well,
And tho' they make it quite a Farce,
Prove not guilty we cannot be.

Judge.

'Tis right, I'll have it so understood,
I think your Verdict very good,
And most judiciously that you
This good and golden Rule pursue,
To do as you'd be done by,
A Rape I take to be a Trifle,
Tho' Women grant it with a Smile,
You give 'em what they like the best,
They'll fly that you their Anger shun,
Tho' forcing 'em to what they love,
For I've made this my Observation,
There's scarce a Woman in the Nation
Can live without some Titillation.

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FINIS.